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## THE PARADISE IN THE PACIFIC.

[Concluded.]

### THE PASTOR OF PITCAIRN.

Not quite four months—viz: on the 15th of November, 1828—before the death of the island patriarch, there arrived at Pitcairn a remarkable man, destined to be his successor, in the confidence, affection and government of that little community. He seemed really to have been marked out for the post by Providence. The person here spoken of bears the by no means aristocratic name of GEORGE HUNN NOBBS. He was born in this country in 1799; went to sea at the early age of eleven years, when he became a midshipman in the British navy. He afterwards held a commission in the Chilian navy, under the present earl of Dundonald (then Lord Cochrane), and in consequence of his services, became lieutenant. He was at length, after a gallant and desperate conflict with a Spanish gun-brig, taken prisoner by the troops of the Spanish piratical general Benevedeis, who was a very fiend incarnate of cruelty. He shot all his prisoners except Lieutenant Nobbs and three English seamen, all four of whom lay under sentence of death, and in hourly expectation of

being shot, for three weeks; during which Lieutenant Nobbs daily saw his fellow-prisoners led out to death, and heard the reports of the muskets from which they suffered. This monster Benevedeis would invite the captive officers to an elegant entertainment; immediately after which he would have them marched into the court yard, and shot—their host standing at the window to enjoy the spectacle! Such was the man at whose mercy poor Lieutenant Nobbs lay for three weeks; at the end of which he was suddenly and unaccountably exchanged for a prisoner; Benevedeis himself being soon after taken prisoner, sentenced to death, tied to the tail of a mule, so dragged to the Palace Square, and there hanged. After many adventures and much dangerous service, Mr. Nobbs quitted Chili, and returned to England in 1822, in a vessel which had touched at Pitcairn. The captain gave such a description of the happiness of the little community, that Mr. Nobbs became irresistibly impelled to go and settle there, anxious only to pass the remainder of his days in peace and usefulness among his fellow-creatures. Early in 1826, having then been four times round the world, he quitted England, with the intention of going to Pitcairn. He went by way of the Cape of Good Hope, India, and Australia, and at

length reached Callao, in Peru, where he met the owner of a launch, who agreed to accompany him in it to Pitcairn, provided Mr. Nobbs would fit her out. This was done; and these two persons—as if emulous of the feat of Bligh and his companions—went alone in this frail launch to Pitcairn, a voyage of three thousand five hundred miles, which they accomplished in forty-two days—arriving in November, 1828. Soon after their arrival the owner died; the launch was hauled ashore, and her materials were used to build a house for Mr. Nobbs. Old Adams, on hearing his errand and his motives, and doubtless beginning to be apprehensive for those from whom death must soon release himself, received him with kindness, and he became a sort of schoolmaster in the Island. On the death of Adams in the March of the ensuing year, Mr. Nobbs continued at his post, and soon succeeded in establishing himself in the affections of the people, then only sixty-eight in number, serving them in the three-fold capacity of pastor, surgeon and schoolmaster. Three years after his arrival, however, there occurred a sufficiently ridiculous but vexatious affair. A person named Hill came to the island, professing himself authorized by the British Government to reside there as its representative! He soon sowed dissensions among the simple-minded inhabitants, whom he also terrified into obedience by the fear of giving offence to the Government. Honest Mr. Nobbs soon saw through the swaggering stranger, by whose intrigues, however, he was compelled to quit the island, leaving the new-comer boasting from time to time of his splendid rank and station at home. He said he was “a very near relative to the Duke of Bedford, and the Duchess seldom rode out in her carriage without him!”—Whilst the people were listening with awe to these magnificent statements, who should arrive at the island—positively as if for the purpose of discomfiting imposture—but Captain Lord Edward Russell, a veritable son of the Duke of Bedford! Mr. Hill was thunderstruck. Lord Edward would have made short

work of it, and removed him *instantly* from the scene of his impudent and mischievous intrusion and imposture. Lord Edward, however, would not do so without orders. But in the ensuing year another ship of war arrived, her captain armed with the requisite authority, and removed Mr. (or as he seems to have called himself, *Lord*) Hill to Valparaiso. He never made his appearance again in the island; and Mr. Nobbs having received a pressing and unanimous entreaty from the inhabitants to resume his old station and duties, complied with it, having been absent for the period of nine months, occupying himself as a teacher at the Gambier Islands, which were about three hundred miles distant from Pitcairn.

It may be remembered that a child, ten months old, accompanied the missionaries from Otaheite to Pitcairn.—She afterwards married a son of the unhappy Christian, by whom she had a daughter, and that daughter became the wife of Mr. Nobbs, by whom she has now eleven children. Since his return, on the occasion last referred to, this excellent man has never been interfered with in pursuing “the even tenor of his way,” but has evidently conciliated the ardent affection of all classes. He acted from the first as their chaplain, (as far as, being a layman, he could,) their schoolmaster, their physician, and, in fact, did every thing that could be expected from a man of kindly feeling, of no little experience of varied life, of sound education and devoted piety. His duties were constant and laborious, for all his arrangements were very systematic, and he adhered to them with punctilious exactness. Thus every hour of his time was devoted to the service of the islanders and of his own large family. But how was he himself supported all the while? it may be asked. Indeed, his remuneration was for years of the scantiest possible character, for the Pitcairn Islanders, were, as he knew, when he first went, very poor. In 1844, he thus explained, in a letter to a clergyman at Valparaiso, some of the straits to which he was driven: “My stock of clothing which I brought from Eng-



land is, as you may suppose, very nearly exhausted, and I have no friends there to whom I can with propriety apply for more. Until the last three years, it was my custom to wear a black coat on the Sabbath; but since that period I have been obliged to substitute a nankeen jacket of my own making. My only remaining coat, which is quite threadbare, is reserved for marriages and burials; so that it is customary to say, when a wedding is going to take place, 'Teacher, you will have to put on your black coat next Sunday,' which is equivalent to informing me that a couple are going to be married!"

Some little time afterwards, however, this grateful people placed him on a level with themselves, by assigning him sufficient land for his support.

#### A PITCAIRN DAY.

It may be pleasing to have an idea of a Pitcairn day. Let it be borne in mind that there is a difference of nine hours between their time and ours;—when, for instance, it is our four o'clock in the afternoon, it is their seven o'clock in the morning. They rise with the light; and the first duty in each house is to read prayers, including two chapters in the Bible. After a slight refreshment, the business of the day begins. Children are forthwith despatched to the school, during play-hours amusing themselves with kites and ball; but limited space—less in extent than Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens put together—necessarily curtails the diversions of young and old. The men's employment consists in cultivating their land, looking after their gardens, building and improving their little houses, fencing in their plantations, and making hats out of palm-leaves, and fancy boxes for barter with the crews of such ships as may call there. At twelve o'clock they have a plain substantial meal of yams and potatoes made into bread, saying grace before and after meals with scrupulous reverence. Both by day and by night they fish in the deep waters for a kind of cod, gray mullet, and red snapper, which, however, are scanty, and obtained with some little hazard. The

second meal of the day (they have but two) occurs at seven o'clock in the evening, consisting of yams, sweet potatoes, and such humble fare as may have been prepared by the females of the family. Once or twice only in the week can they afford the luxury of fish, meat, or poultry. The occupations of the women are their household duties, including especially making and mending clothes; and when they have leisure, they manufacture a sort of cloth out of the bark of the paper mulberry. There are no servants in the island, therefore the wives and daughters do all that is necessary for the family. They do not cook in the house, which, being of wood, might be often endangered, but in ovens at a little distance, let into the ground, big enough to contain a good sized pig. An animal of which they have but few. They have no candles, but use oil, and torches made with the nuts of the dodo tree. They have no glass for the windows, but only shutters, which are closed in bad weather. They occasionally have a modicum of tea as a luxury, but their ordinary drink is pure water, neither wines nor spirits being allowed in the island, except for strictly medicinal purposes. On high days and holidays they treat themselves with cocoa-nut milk, and water sweetened with syrup extracted from the bruised sugar-cane. They retire early to rest, after having performed their family devotions. They sleep secure without the protection of locks, bolts, or bars: there is not such a thing in the island! Think, then, of a moonlight night at peaceful Pitcairn, Londoner, jaded with the uproar and dissipation of a London day or night!—See the moon walking in her brightness, and stars shining, vividly as *you* never saw them, and both reflected on the illimitable ocean, all calm and beautiful! Not a soul is slumbering there that has not closed his eyes—her eyes—after offering the heart's incense to their almighty Guardian!

The Pitcairn people are all well educated, and very fond of reading; but only books of sterling interest, and moral and religious character, chiefly supplied to them by one of the

noblest societies which England can boast—that for Promoting Christian Knowledge. And now has arrived the time for explaining that our readers are indebted for all the interesting facts which may appear in this paper, as well those which have gone before as those which are yet to follow, to a little volume only just issued by that Society. Its pious and accomplished author\* is the Secretary of that Society, and, as we learn from its pages, has personal cognizance of many highly interesting facts narrated in it, pledging himself to the authenticity of all, as far as careful enquiry has enabled him to do so. To us it has proved a delightful little volume, and we heartily express our obligation to the Rev. author. It breathes throughout a pure spirit of manly sympathy and piety. We should like to be at Pitcairn when its simple and affectionate inhabitants get their first copy—let us hope as many copies as there are islanders—of the volume which has presented so endearing a picture of that distant but *really* happy little family! How they will hang over its pages, by day and by night! But we must proceed. The great events in the Pitcairners' day is the arrival of a ship, for which they are always—not as were those before them, with terror, but with eager hope—on the look-out; and the volume before us contains numerous touching little episodes connected with these few-and far-between ocean-island visitings. The crews are received with affectionate greetings, and the utmost hospitality which very limited means admit of; and not only has there never been an instance of Jack for an instant misbehaving himself in this sweet scene of peace and innocence, but he has himself often shed tears of sympathy and respect on receiving the civilities of this lonely but confiding little community, and returned their humble hospitalities

with such liberality as his captain felt authorized to admit. It is, however, on the arrival of a Queen's ship that the enthusiasm of the islanders is naturally most excited: and who can think unmoved of the twenty-one guns' salute from the stately structure on the bosom of the ocean, returned by the single solitary gun in the island? If anything could raise in our estimation the character of British naval officers, it is the accounts of their doings in these distant regions, to be found in this little volume. The tears have several times quivered in our own eyes, when reading the extracts here given from the journals and despatches of captains and admirals, all of whom have exhibited a noble spirit of tenderness and dignity in dealing with this little community. We would have every young officer in Her Majesty's navy read this record of manly sympathy and piety on the part of those entrusted with high and distant commands by the Queen of Great Britain—symboling at once of the authority and power of the sceptre which she wields, and the gentle spirit of benignity and piety which animate her heart. But we shall let our admiral speak for himself.

#### THE ADMIRAL ON THE ISLAND.

Before, however, we come to this great event, we must return for a minute to the Pastor of Pitcairn. On the 20th July, 1847, a memorial was addressed to the chaplain of H. M. S. *Phalia*, signed by seven of the islanders, including the *chief magistrate*! and the *two councillors*! (for such they have,) explanatory of their position and their wants. Their prominent want they shall themselves explain.

"One thing more, before we conclude, we earnestly present to your consideration; and as it comes in an especial manner within the province of your holy office, we would indulge the hope that our application will be attended with success. The case in question is this: Our teacher, who has been with us for nineteen years in that capacity, and whose services to us are invaluable, has never received

\**Pitcairn: The Island, the People, and the Pastor; with a Short Account of the Mutiny of the Bounty.* By the Rev. Thomas Boyles Murray, M. A., Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society. London: 1853. p.p. 280.



ed the license or sanction of the proper authority in that Church of which we are a component part. This circumstance is a source of much anxiety, both to him and us; and as our numbers amount to 138 (71 males and 67 females), and are rapidly increasing, we do most urgently, but most respectfully, solicit your application to the proper quarter for a pastoral letter, inducting or sanctioning our teacher into the holy office he has for so long a space of time unceasingly, untiringly, and worthily filled on this island. That he is deserving such a mark of ecclesiastical approbation and favor, is justly and cheerfully acknowledged by the whole community; and of the great benefit which will accrue to us therefrom, no one can be more competent to judge than yourself."

Rear-admiral Fairfax Moresby, commander-in-chief in the Pacific, had long felt a deep interest in the welfare of the Pitcairn islanders, and in the month of July, 1851, received the following beautiful and affecting invitation to visit the island, signed by thirteen female inhabitants, in the name of all their sex on the island:

PITCAIRN, *July 28th, 1851.*

"HONORABLE SIR,—From the kind interest you have evinced for our little community in the letter which you have sent our excellent and worthy pastor, Mr. Nobbs, we are emboldened to send you the following request, which is, that you will visit us before you leave this station; or if it is impossible for you to do so, certainly we, as loyal subjects of our gracious Queen, ought to be visited annually, if not more, by one of her ships of war.

"We have never had the pleasure of welcoming an English admiral to our little island, and we therefore earnestly solicit a visit from you.—How inexpressibly happy shall we be, if you should think fit to grant this our warmest wish! We trust that our very secluded and isolated position, and the very few visits we have of late had from British ships of war, will be sufficient apology for addressing the above request to you. With

fervent prayers for your present and future happiness, and for that of our Queen and nation,—We remain, Honored Sir, your sincere and affectionate well-wishers."

*Signed by thirteen females, "in the name and on behalf of all the rest of the female sex on the island."*

Who could resist this? Not an admiral in the service of the Queen of England—least of all good Admiral Moresby; and a year afterwards—viz., on the 7th August, 1852—at noon a ship was descried in the far distance, which at sunset was suspected to be a ship of war. The brief night passed in feverish excitement. Before sunrise the people were on the look-out from the precipice in the front of the town, waiting for the report of a gun to confirm their hopes. By and by, hark! the booming of a cannon electrified the little town! And as the stately ship drew near, behold—an admiral's flag waving proudly in the wind!—Would we had room for the description of this signal event, given by Mr. Nobbs, and the official despatch of the admiral containing an account of his landing, and three days' stay. It was Sunday morning, and he took his chaplain and several officers with him, all attending divine service, the chaplain preaching in the afternoon. We will, however, give the good admiral's own account of it, in a subsequent letter to a friend, describing the impressions produced by his visit.

*"The Portland, )*

*At Sea, August, 1852. )*

"Of all the eventful periods which have checkered my life, none have surpassed in interest, and, I trust, in hope of future good, the last—our visit to Pitcairn; and surely the hand of God has been in all this, for by chances, the most unexpected, and by favorable winds out of the usual course of the Trades, we were carried in eleven days to Pitcairn's from Borobora. It is impossible to describe the charm that the society of the islanders throws around them under the providence of God. The hour and the occasion served, and I have brought

away their pastor and teacher for the purpose of sending him to England to be ordained, and one of his daughters, who will be placed at the English clergyman's at Valparaiso until her father's return. The islanders depend principally for their necessary supplies on the whaling ships;—they are generally American. Greatly to their credit, they behave in the most exemplary manner, very different from what I expected. One rough seaman, whom I spoke to in praise of such conduct, said, 'Sir, I expect if one of our fellows was to misbehave himself here, we should not leave him alive.' They are guiltless and unsophisticated beyond conception. But the time had arrived when preparation for partial removal was necessary, and especially for the ordination of their pastor or the appointment of a clergyman of the Established Church. They are thoroughly versed in Bible history, which has hitherto kept them from listening to the advances of some overheated imaginations. I stayed four days upon that spec in the ocean, but rising like a paradise from its bosom. I believe there was scarce a dry eye in the ship when the islanders took their leave. We ran within hail of the settlement, hoisted the royal standard, fired a salute, and cheered them."

Here is Mr. Nobbs' own vivid picture of the noble old admiral's departure from the island:

"And now comes the leave-taking. The venerable and benevolent commander-in-chief of her Majesty's forces in the Pacific, standing on the rocky beach at Bounty Bay (the very spot where the mutineers had landed sixty years before)—himself the oldest person there, by fifteen years, surrounded by stalwart men and matronly women; youths, maidens, and little children—every one in tears, and most deeply affected, formed a truly impressive scene. The boat was some time in readiness before the admiral availed himself of an opportunity to embark. Some held him by the hand, the elder women hanging on his neck, and the younger ones endeavoring to obtain a promise that he would revisit

them. As a number of our men went on board with the admiral, a similar scene occurred there; and as the last boat pushed off from the ship, some of the hardy tars, standing in the gangway, were detected hastily brushing away a tear. The frigate now stood in for the last time; and hoisting the royal standard, fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The tars manned the rigging, and gave three hearty cheers, and one cheer more. The islanders responded; the band struck up 'God save the Queen,' and the stately *Portland* started on her track."

We said that this is a picture, as vivid as words can paint it, and worthy of the richest pencil at the command of the Royal Academy.

The islanders could only be induced with extreme difficulty, to part with their pastor for a while, when it came to the point, ardently as they had desired that he should be invested with the character of a clergyman of the church of England. On the admiral's promising, however, to leave his own chaplain at the island till their pastor's return, they allowed him to go. Listen to the testimony of the admiral's chaplain as to the people among whom he had been placed for a while.

*September 5th, 1852.*

"The accounts of the virtue and piety of these people are by no means exaggerated. I have no doubt they are the most religious and virtuous community in the world; and during the months I have been here, I have seen nothing approaching a quarrel, but perfect peace and good will among all." He also found Pitcairn, as did his admiral, a "paradise!"

THE PITCAIRN PASTOR IN ENGLAND.

Poor Mr. Nobbs had not fitting clothes in which to face the great world, when he quitted the island, except those with which the admiral furnished him. Having carried him to Valparaiso, the admiral then supplied him generously with the means of obtaining a passage thence to London, and presented him with £100 towards his expenses in England;



and also gave him very strong letters to the Bishop of London (urging the propriety of his ordaining so exemplary a person), and to various other persons, among whom was Mr. Murray, the author of the little volume before us, in which it appears; and a very interesting document it is. All honor to Admiral Fairfax Moresby! We have seldom seen more moving traits of unaffected and unassuming goodness than this volume contains, on his part. He cannot yet know that the public is thus made acquainted with them.

On Saturday, the 16th of October, 1852, after an absence of twenty-six years, spent at Pitcairn's Island, this excellent person arrived at London. What a Babylon it must have seemed to one so long accustomed to the profound silence and solitude of Pitcairn! We ourselves saw him, and sat beside him for some time in the month of November. He was indeed an interesting stranger, very modest and with a sort of sad and stern simplicity (with a dash of rough quaintness) in his manner, which comported well with the life he had led, and to which it was evident he was pining to return. He looked the age he was, viz, fifty-three. His features were characterized by a quiet decision; and he spoke with gravity and deliberation. Nothing seemed to *surprise* him—the result of a long life of anxiety, suffering, and labor. None of the attractions says a friend, or absorbing topics of interest—not even the great Duke's funeral which he witnessed—seemed to excite him. So sustained, and built up, and built round by previous experience of wonders and escapes amidst the battle of life, was this wonderful man, that he had literally reached the point of *Nil admirari*!

IS ORDAINED BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Bishop of London, yielding cheerfully to the strong concurrent testimony of Admiral Moresby, and many others who had enjoyed ample opportunities of learning the character and claims of Mr. Nobbs, during a long career of twenty six years at

Pitcairn's island, acceded to his request to be admitted to holy orders.—On the 24th October, 1852, he was ordained deacon in the parish church of Islington, by the Bishop of Sierra Leon, under a commission from the Bishop of London, who himself ordained him priest at Fulham church on the 30th November; his description, in the letter of orders, being "Chaplain of Pitcairn's Island." He was warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained by the greatest and best in the land; and a number of them subscribed towards raising a little fund for defraying the expense of his return to Pitcairn, and his outfit—a service of communion plate, and also various useful articles for the inhabitants, a bell for the church, two or three clocks, medicines, clothing, laborers' and carpenters' tools, simple articles of furniture, cooking utensils and stores of provisions.\* These benefactors of the distant little community wisely determined to send them such articles only as shall contribute to their comfort, without communicating a taste for luxury; than which last, nothing could be more absurd or cruel. Since he left this country, we may mention that an excellent little church organ has been despatched to the pastor—we must now call him the chaplain—of Pitcairn; set to such of our plain and hallowed old English chants and psalm tunes, as he appeared, when in this country, best to like. By this time, it may be that our noble evening hymn, which is one of them, has ascended from that little rock to heaven's gate, a grateful offering!

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge granted £100 towards the fund for the purpose above mentioned, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel placed him on its list of missionaries, with a salary of £50 a year. In short all parties who became acquainted with him during his two months' stay, and with his story, seemed to vie with each

\* "H. M. S. VIRAGO," says Mr. Murray (p. 85, note), "left, calling for Pitcairn, in January, 1853, having on board singing-birds, rose trees, myrtles, &c., for the islanders." A touching circumstance.

other in paying attention to him, and exhibiting their interest by their liberality. At the admiralty he experienced, through the Duke of Northumberland, and other eminent functionaries, the utmost kindness, and assurances of the watchful interest with which the small settlement should ever be regarded there; and the Directors of the Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company provided him with a free passage in the *La Plata* to Navy Bay.

#### HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.

It was a matter of reasonable ambition to the Pitcairn chaplain, before quitting England for ever, to be admitted to the presence, though for but a moment, of his Queen; and as Her Majesty's interest in her distant subjects, especially as connected with the spread of Christianity, is well known, and the humble chaplain of Pitcairn had made many friends in high quarters his wish was gratified. On the 15th December, 1852, two days before he quitted England, the *Royal Fairy* conveyed him by appointment to Osborne. He was first introduced into the Presence of the Prince, who took an evident interest in him, asking a great many questions concerning Pitcairn and its people, and appearing greatly pleased with his answers. In a letter dated the next day, to the Rev. Mr. Murray, the most hospitable and zealous of his friends), through whose kindness it is now lying before us, he speaks of this as the "eventful day!" Prince Albert was very urbane, and asked me many questions about our island, and appeared much pleased with the answers I gave him. He then enquired what he could do for the community? I said Her Majesty's community had supplied us with all we had need of at present; but that, if he would present us with Her Majesty's picture, including himself and the royal children we should consider it a great favor.\* He smiled,

and said I should have it. After a little more conversation, I saw he was designing to withdraw, and not a word had been said about seeing Her Majesty! No time was to be lost, so I screwed up my courage, and said, 'Will your Royal Highness permit me to pay my duty to the Queen?' He replied, 'I am just going to enquire if Her Majesty will see you.' After a few minutes, I went into the room where Her Majesty was?" and worthy Mr. Nobbs proceeds to say, that he was instantly set at ease by the affable condescension of Her Majesty. We regret that he has not left any written account of this interesting interview, for the worthy chaplain of Pitcairn had a little world of matters to attend to during the few remaining days of his stay in England. We have reason, however, to believe that the Queen exhibited a lively interest in his account of this distant family of her subjects, who, by this time, no doubt, have heard from their chaplain's own lips what Her Majesty asked and said of them. He received pleasing little mementoes from the ladies-in-waiting, and other distinguished persons in attendance, and so took his departure from the residence and presence of Her Majesty of England, to commence his ten thousand miles journey.

#### RETURN TO PITCAIRN.

He sailed from Southampton in the *La Plata* on the 17th December, and reached Valparaiso in safety on the 12th February. A letter from him is lying before us, dated Valparaiso, 6th March, where he was waiting for the *Portland* to convey him to Pitcairn. "Oh, how I wish," says he, "to be at home!" He was then dividing clerical duty with the chaplain of Admiral Moresby at the church on shore, and also on board the man-of-war stationed there. He says that he had a sufficiency of money to meet his expenses, and a trifle to spare, without trenching on my salary (£50 a year) which I shall endeavor to preserve intact for the benefit of my dear wife

\* "This highly valued gift," says Mr. Murray, "was taken out in February, 1853 in H. M. sloop *Rattlesnake*, Captain Trollope, the commander being instructed to leave it in the charge of

the commander-in-chief in the Pacific, for conveyance to Pitcairn."—Pp. 219, 220.



and children, whom God preserve!" He complains sadly, however, of the expenses of passing the formidable Isthmus of Panama. It cost him £50. There a dismal mischance befell him; he lost the box containing his communion plate. "Oh, what anxiety of mind its absence cost me! and I believe this was the exciting cause of the fever by which I was attacked." Fortunately, however, after a week's suspense, the precious box was recovered, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Perry, the British Consul at Panama. After many fervent expressions of piety and gratitude towards his friends and well-wishers in England, he concludes by hoping that his next letter will be dated Pitcairn's Island, when the thanks of the community will be appended to his own: "From Valparaiso," says Mr. Murray towards the close of his little history, "should all go on prosperously with Mr. Nobbs, Admiral Moresby will convey him to Pitcairn in the *Portland*, and the islanders will probably welcome him home before the end of March. May it please God to guide him in health and safety to his distant flock! Who can adequately imagine the scene which will be presented on his landing among his friends in the island, to be parted from them no more on this side the grave?" We can picture to ourselves, on reading this passage, the scene to which we formerly alluded of their reluctant parting with their pastor to come to England—to encounter the dangers of twenty thousand miles' travelling—perhaps never to return—following him down to the water's edge, embracing and sobbing over him; and it may be that he said to them in faltering tones, and in the moving language of the Apostle Paul on a similar occasion—"What mean ye to weep and to break my heart?"—Acts, xxi. 13.

#### THE PASTOR'S PEOPLE—WITH A GLIMPSE OF PITCAIRN STATISTICS.

The number of persons now living on this little island is one hundred and seventy—viz., eighty-eight males and eighty-two females. When the nine mutineers established themselves

there, they divided the island into as many parts, which are now subdivided into twenty-two, that being the number of families. Misunderstandings now and then arise on the subject of boundaries, as was the case in patriarchal times; but those misunderstandings engender no animosity, and are soon settled by the chief magistrate and the two councillors; for, as we have seen, such august functionaries have for several years existed in this little community. The chief magistrate is elected on the first day of the new year by a general vote of all males and females eighteen years old; but if any of either sex be married under that age, they are entitled to the suffrage. On the same day the two councillors are chosen, one by the magistrate, the other by the people. The present chief magistrate is a son-in-law of Mr. Nobbs. His office is rather shunned than coveted; and sometimes exemption is purchased by killing a hog for the public good. Should any dispute arise which neither the magistrate nor he and the two councillors can settle, a jury of seven is called to decide it; and if it be so surpassing knotty as to defy the efforts of the seven sages, it stands over till the arrival of a British man-of-war, against whose decision there is no appeal—a fact not very pleasing to the gentlemen of the long robe practicing in the privy council, to whom, doubtless, a crumb from Pitcairn would in these times be far from unacceptable. During the interval—that is, till the arrival of the Naval Court of Appeal—"the matter drops, and no ill feeling remains; for it is a principle with them not to let the sun go down upon their wrath." Happy Pitcairners! would your border was enlarged, and one could come and cast in one's lot with you!

The powers of the magistrate are pretty fairly defined, but of a very simple nature. So are the public laws, the principal of which are as follows:—As to *landmarks*, the first duty of the new magistrate, and that on the day of his election, is, with a competent number of the heads of houses, "to visit all landmarks on the island, and replace those that are lost." As

to *spirits* or *intoxicating liquors* of any kind, their purchase from ships is peremptorily forbidden, except under a very strict condition—i. e., for medicinal purposes alone. No female is to go on board any foreign vessel of any description, without the magistrate's permission, who must either accompany her on board or appoint four men to do so. In the matter of "The Public Anvil," &c., the law is as follows: "Any person taking the public anvil and public sledge-hammer from the blacksmith's shop, is to take it back after he has done with it; and in case either should get lost through neglect to do so, the loser is to get another, and pay a fine of four shillings." And as to *money*, its equivalents are these:—

	<i>s. d.</i>
One barrel of yams, - - -	8 0
"    "    sweet potatoes, -	8 0
"    "    Irish ditto, - -	12 0
Three good bunches of plantains,	4 0
One day's labor, - - - -	2 0

A shilling, or its equivalent, as above, is to be paid for each child per month, between the ages of six and sixteen years; if Mr. Nobbs' assistant attend instead of Mr. Nobbs, the former receives the salary; and be it observed, that as Mr. Nobbs is godfather to many of the children, all of *them* he instructs gratuitously. In respect of *CATS*—if ours knew the store set by them in Pitcairn, few ships bound for the Pacific would quit our ports without more on board than had been bargained for, or the captain was aware of! Thus stands the law:—"If a *CAT* be killed without being *positively detected* in killing fowls, however strong the *suspicion* may be, the person killing such cat is obliged, as a penalty to destroy *three hundred rats!* whose tails must be submitted for the inspection of the magistrate, by way of proof that the penalty has been paid." The stringency of this law is referable to the great number of rats on the island, which do much damage to the sugar-canes. Fowls are toe-marked; and if one be discovered destroying yams or potatoes, the owner of the plantation may shoot the fowl, and retain it for his own use; and may also demand of the owner of such fowl the

amount of powder and shot so expended as well as the fowl. As for a Pig, if he get loose and commit depredations, his case may be submitted to the magistrate; taken from him to a jury of seven; and finally to the captain of the next man-of-war coming to the island!

In features, dress, manners, and appearance, the Pitcairners seem to resemble the inhabitants of one of the better order of our own villages; but some are rather darker than Europeans, partaking of their half Otaheitan descent. As for dress, the men wear short trousers, coming down to within two or three inches of the knee, a shirt, and a cap or hat; shoes and stockings being reserved for Sundays. They are, however, badly off for clothes, depending on the precarious supply afforded by ships touching at the island. The women wear a petticoat from the waist downwards; and over that a loose gown, with a handkerchief sometimes thrown over their shoulders. A wreath of small white fragrant flowers, and others of a bright red, is often worn round the head; the hair being worn in bands, and twisted in a very becoming manner into a knot behind. "Though," says Captain Piper, of H. M. S. *Tagus*, "they have had the instruction of only their Otaheitan mothers, our dressmakers in London would be delighted with the simplicity, and yet elegant taste, of these untaught females." As we have seen that these young creatures are finely formed and handsome, there appearance must be both engaging and picturesque.

In the year 1850, the inhabitants of Pitcairn realized the truth of the old adage, that it is an ill wind that blows no one any good. Five gentlemen—one of them was Mr. Brodie, who afterwards published a very interesting account of his stay in the island—landed on the island, whose ship was blown off during the night, leaving them prisoners for a period of three weeks! They had nothing but the clothes they wore—with the exception of one, the Baron de Thierry, who being of a musical turn, had a tuning-fork with him. He proposed



to teach his hospitable hosts music, noticing how imperfectly they got through the vocal parts of divine service. They made remarkably rapid progress, being passionately fond of music; soon learning, as a visitor in August last testified, "to sing in parts beautifully." He adds, that he accompanied the chaplain of the ship to the island on Sunday the 8th August; "the hymns were sung in regular parts by the whole congregation, I doubt much whether any church in England, excepting cathedrals, can boast of such a good choir." Imagine them, good reader, on Sunday next, the 5th inst., perhaps singing to the accompaniment of their organ, and with their beloved chaplain in the reading-desk and pulpit!

Fearing a dearth of water (which would now appear to have been chimerical), the British Government, in the year 1831, removed the whole community, then only eighty-seven in number, to Otaheite, when Queen Pomare, since become a historical character, received them with great kindness, though herself harassed, at the time, by civil war. The licentious manners of the place disgusted almost all the virtuous visitants from Pitcairn; but some few were overcome by the temptations to intemperance. The unhealthiness of the climate then carried off twelve by sickness, and five more died almost immediately after their return. It is to be regretted that humanity should have been so hasty on this occasion, and to be hoped that such a step will not be taken again without grave consideration. They have ever since expressed their deep sorrow at having been removed, and their passionate love of home, from which they will never again be willingly severed. One of their *Records* states that, within three months after their removal to Tahiti, on one or two of their number returning to Pitcairn, "During our absence our hogs had gone wild, and destroyed our crops; and after our return we employed ourselves in destroying the hogs."

Though the climate is generally charming, the island is subject to be visited by terrible storms. One is re-

corded as having burst over it on the 16th April, 1845, occasioning extreme terror to the inhabitants, and devastation. What a scene! Thunder and lightning bellowing and flashing incessantly over the desolate little rock—a deluge of rain falling—the hurricane howling around, and tearing down, the precious earth from the rocks into the sea—tearing up by the roots, and casting into the roaring and foaming ocean, three hundred cocoa-trees. A yam ground, with a thousand yams, entirely disappeared. Several fishing-boats were destroyed—all the plantain patches were levelled, four thousand plantain trees being destroyed, the one half in full bearing, the other designed for the year 1846: "So that," continues the *Record*, "this very valuable article of food we shall be without for a long time. The fact is, that from this date until August,"—i. e., four long, wearisome months—"we shall be pinched for food!" How bore the terrified little community this dispensation? Let us hear, for the *Record* thus proceeds: "But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb: and we humbly trust the late monitions of Providence—namely drought, sickness, and storm, which severally have afflicted us this year—may be sanctified to us, and be the means of bringing us, one and all, into a closer communion with our God. May we remember the rod, and who hath appointed it; always bearing in mind, that our heavenly Father doth not willingly afflict the children of men." We envy not him or her who can read this without sympathy and admiration.

Here is a letter, from one of the Pitcairn women, which, in our opinion, cannot be surpassed in the solemn simplicity and beauty of its piety and gratitude. It is from *Miriam Christian*, and addressed to the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, chaplain of H. M. S. *Basilisk*, who had been very kind to them all:—

"PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.  
"SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.  
"Lat. 25° 4' S., Long 130° 8' W.  
"Sept. 26, 1844.

REV. AND HONORED SIR,—Please accept my humble thanks for the interest you are pleased to take in our

welfare, and also for the presents you and our other friends in Valparaiso have sent us; and may they and you be rewarded a thousand-fold both in a temporal and a spiritual sense. And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

"I am, Rev. Sir,

"Your grateful servant,

"MIRIAM CHRISTIAN."

The community, as we learn from Admiral Moresby, 'are strictly brought up in the Protestant faith, according to the Established Church of England;' and Mr. Nobbs stated in a sermon which he preached in London shortly before his return, that "there is but one form of Church government, that of the Church of England. The Holy Bible and the Church Prayer-Book are their chief rules of guidance; their motto—'One Faith, one Lord, one Baptism.'"

Divine service is performed in the school-house, a substantial building, fifty-six feet long by twenty wide, with a pulpit at one end. It is amply supplied with desks, forms, slates, books, and maps.

These worthy people, happy in so many other respects, are by no means exempt from the ordinary ills of humanity, and suffer occasionally very severely from prevalent illness, chiefly the influenza, and also the more formidable diseases. There is a painfully interesting account given of the death—perfectly resigned, and even happy—of one of the women, from cancer. On all these occasions, for now a quarter of a century, this exemplary man has acted both as physician and chaplain.

How long this singular and interesting community may be able to remain at Pitcairn, is problematical; for Admiral Moresby tells us, in August, 1852, that "the crops on the tillage-ground begin to deteriorate; landslips occur with each succeeding storm; and the declivities of the hills, when denuded, are laid bare by the periodical rains." Symptoms in reality appear of an evil sometimes chimerical—ly apprehended at home—population

pressing on the means of subsistence. It will thus become the duty of the British Government to deal prudently and tenderly with the little community; not tearing them all, with bleeding hearts, from the land of their birth, and the seat of their sweets, and sympathies, and associations, but assisting them from time to time, as they themselves perceive the inevitable necessity for so doing, to migrate to the numerous islands in that remote locality—each family, and each member of it, becoming a radiating centre of Christian civilization. At present, they themselves fondly declare—but it must be often with a heavy sigh, as they behold their steadily diminishing resources—that "they will not remove elsewhere whilst a sweet potato remains to them;" and as for their chaplain and pastor, he is rooted to the spot. As he told Mr. Murray, "as long as two families shall remain at Pitcairn, I will remain also."

We know not how our readers may have been while perusing the foregoing pages, but we ourselves, in writing them, have felt as though freshened and cheered in spirit; by a brief sojourn in this little Paradise in the far Pacific; as though we had glided for a while out of the glare and hubbub of the great world—its fierce rivalries, ambitions, covetousness, and ostentation—and been at peace in Pitcairn. It is a small type of a state, having its laws and constitution appropriate to its position and exigencies; but, at present, almost necessarily free from those subtler and fiercer temptations which so incessantly, and only too successfully, assail highly civilized communities. Both, however, have had the pure light of Revelation to guide them—with what different results, while man conjectures, God *knows*. But no thinking person can read the history of Pitcairn, without being profoundly affected by contemplating the results flowing directly and indubitably from the presence of the Holy Volume in which is enshrined the Revelation of God to man. It sufficed, indeed, to make the rough places smooth, and made the wilderness blossom as the rose.



We cannot part with the little volume,\* to which we have been exclusively indebted for so much instruction and gratification, without again expressing our thanks to its excellent author. We feel as if we had been suddenly led by him out of a thick cloud into the blessed sunshine, and walked hand in hand with him through a sort of happy valley. It is a book written without pretence of any kind, but breathing throughout, as we have already said, a spirit of manly piety and benevolence. The style is plain and vigorous—admirably adapted for its writer's purpose. It is calculated to do great good among all classes; and as for sailors, had we our wish, half a dozen copies should be presented to every ship in Her Majesty's service, that Jack might see what comes of mutiny, and that captains and admirals may see how their brethren manage matters in the Pacific.

Mr. Murray truly states, in his preface, that "the eventful history connected with Pitcairn, proves that real life may be as romantic as fiction." We have, in these few pages, the romance of reality, and many shadowings, in the annals of this distant speck amidst the waters of the Pacific, of the grandest truths which can concern nations or individuals, as relating to the sources of vice and virtue, with their attendant misery or happiness.

And thus we say, in a kindly spirit, adieu to the *Paradise in the Pacific*!

### THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

Those who follow the occupation of a mariner, are exposed to many perils, among which are shipwreck and starvation. It is a terrible thing to be destitute of food and drink, and to pass day after day in an open boat, or on a shattered wreck or a raft, far from human assistance, gradually losing strength and suffering all the crav-

ings of hunger and thirst, until death comes at last and puts an end to agonies which cannot even be conceived. It is said that a man possessed of a good constitution may live for *seven* days without any sustenance whatever; his frame will gradually waste and wither, as the gnawings of hunger increase; and a morsel of bread or a drop of water will then be more valuable to him than all the precious mines or diamond gems in the world. If he falls asleep, he forthwith dreams of rills of clear, sparkling water, of gushing springs, of delicious fruits, and tempting viands, and suddenly awakens in a few moments to a full sense of the horrors and helplessness of his condition.

One of the most touching descriptions of shipwreck, connected with starvation, was published a number of years ago in an American periodical, and gives a vivid picture of the horrors which surround a poor wretch in that sad condition.

Many years ago, when the brave Commodore Truxton, in the United States frigate *Constellation*, was returning from his famous cruise in the West Indies, the look-out at the mast head one morning, ere the sun had risen above the horizon, descried at the distance of three or four miles an object which looked like the wreck of a vessel. The course of the frigate was altered, and in half an hour the Commodore had ascertained that the object was indeed the wreck of a merchant vessel. Her masts were broken off about fifteen feet from deck, and the hull was full of water. They saw no living thing on board, but there was a camboose-house on deck, which had apparently been recently patched with old canvass, or tarpaulin, as if to afford shelter to some remnant of her crew. And, although it blew a strong gale at the time, the humane Commodore determined to send off a boat, with instructions to board the wreck and ascertain whether their were indeed any human being still surviving whom the help of his fellow-men might save from the grasp of death.

The boat proceeded towards the drifting wreck; and while the men

\* It contains several plates, including an excellent daguerreotype likeness of Mr. Nobbs, and another of John Adams, the last of the mutineers, and finally the patriarch of Pitcairn. There are also several views of the island, and of the houses, school houses, &c., &c.

were rowing and struggling with the difficulty of getting alongside, while a heavy sea was running, and shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object which resembled in appearance a bundle of old clothes was seen to roll out of the camboose-house, apparently against the lee-side of the vessel. With a boat hook they contrived to seize it and haul it into the boat, when it proved to be the body of a human being, bent head and knees together, and so wasted as scarcely to be seen in the ample garments, which fitted him when he enjoyed health and strength. He seemed a pigmy in the clothes of a giant. He looked pale and ghostly indeed; but, although he was unable to speak, he still breathed.

The boat's crew hastened back to the *Constellation* with this miserable remnant of humanity. This poor starving wretch was reduced to such a diminutive size that a lad of fifteen years old was able to lift him from the boat. When placed on deck he showed, to the astonishment of all, signs of returning life and consciousness. He tried to move; then opened his parched and blankened lips, and strove to speak. After two or three attempts, he succeeded in uttering, in a faint, hollow, and sepulchral tone, "*There is another man!*"

Commodore Truxton immediately ordered the boat to shove off again for the wreck, and after several abortive attempts, the crew succeeded in boarding the wreck. In the camboose-house they found two other human bodies, wasted like the one they had taken on board the frigate, to the very bones, but without a spark of life remaining. Unfortunate men, they had suffered every thing which it is possible for men to suffer, and had died the dreadful death of starvation.

The boat's crew, after completing their melancholy survey returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by efforts to preserve the life of the poor fellow, who, on being brought on board, seemed to have just life enough remaining to remind his preservers that there was still "another man," a companion to be saved.

It is needless to say that no possi-

ble efforts were spared to restore to health this generous sufferer, who seemed a living skeleton. Food was administered to him with caution, and under the direction of the surgeon, who exerted all his skill to save his life. The undertaking seemed a hopeless one; but, strange as it may seem, was crowned with success. In a few days the skeleton began to resemble a living human being. The poor fellow was able to stand, and even to walk, and afterwards rapidly gained strength, and his bones soon became covered with flesh. Before the frigate arrived in port the crew were astonished to find in the feeble, wasted, corpse-like being whom they had rescued from a dreadful situation, a stout man, nearly six feet in height. He was no longer "the skeleton of the wreck."

It appeared that the vessel from which this man was thus providentially saved, was a Dutch brig, bound from Curacao for Amsterdam. It had been capsized in a furious hurricane; the masts broke off, and it righted full of water. The officers and crew, with the exception of three seamen, were drowned. The survivors, for the first few days, managed to obtain a little provision as it floated out of the hatchways. But these resources soon failed them, and the only water they could get to quench their feverish thirst was the rain as it descended in slight showers from the clouds. Thirty-two days had these poor wretches dragged out a miserable existence on the wreck, growing weaker and weaker every day; and it was only a day or two before the *Constellation* fell in with the wreck that two of these miserable men overcome by their sufferings, died a dreadful death.

#### REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

About forty years ago, when I was a subaltern in the royal marine corps, two other officers and myself were ordered to embark, one in each of the three guardships then stationed in the Medway. Two of them lay close to the Dockyard, affording at all times easy access to the shore; but the



other, the Resolution, of 74 guns, was moored half way down the river, toward Sheerness, from whence in winter and bad weather it was troublesome to land, and sometimes impracticable. For this reason it was natural for each of us to wish for one of the Chatham ships, and strong interest was accordingly made by us respectively, with the commanding officer, for this purpose. But he, finding that he must necessarily disoblige one of the three, ordered us to attend the parade next morning, and draw lots for our ships. This, of course, drove me to my strong hold, and if ever I prayed with fervency in my life, it was now. I pleaded hard with the Searcher of hearts, that he knew my chief motive for desiring one of the Chatham ships was, that I might constantly attend the means of grace, and the ordinances of his house, and I felt confidence that if I really was a child of God, he would grant my request—since the “lot thus cast into the lap” was wholly at his disposal. The important morning came, and I drew the dreaded ship down the river. Had I drawn my death-warrant, I hardly think it would have affected me more. My prayer was now apparently rejected, and the enemy of souls taking advantage of the agitated state of my depraved heart, easily made me draw the conclusion, that either I was no Christian, or that God paid no attention to those who professed to be such. In this gloomy, desponding state, like a criminal going to execution, I embarked the same forenoon in his majesty's ship Resolution, lying in a dreary part of the Medway, about two or three miles from Sheerness. I had just time to be introduced to the officers in the wardroom, when dinner came in. The third lieutenant being caterer that week, of course stood up at the head of the table, and asked a blessing: but with so much seriousness as quite astonished me; for being well acquainted with the customs of the wardroom in a king's ship, I had never heard any thing of the kind so solemnly pronounced there before, and I determined to mark every word that proceeded from that gentleman's

lips, in the hope of hearing something that might enable me to ascertain his character: nothing decisive occurred during dinner, but no sooner was the wine placed upon the table, than he was attacked by several of his messmates on his religious sentiments, and soon discovered that he bore the genuine marks of a true Christian, by his judicious reproofs, and the very able manner in which he confuted all their infidel arguments. Wishing, I suppose, to know what spirit I was of, they frequently appealed to me for the truth of what they advanced: but having always decided against them, I was imperceptibly drawn into the disputation on the side of the caterer.

When the allowance of wine was drunk, (for it was a sober, well regulated mess) the purser rose and broke up the company, exclaiming, with an oath, “Our new messmate is as great a Methodist as Tomlinson.”\* I smiled, well pleased to be associated with such a man. As two needles touched with the loadstone, when they fall near to each other among chaff, will soon come together, so this Methodist lieutenant and I myself speedily came into contact. After having exchanged a few questions, we went down to his cabin in the gun-room, had an hour's comfortable conversation, and concluded with prayer, although a few hours before we had never seen one another's faces. This singular circumstance could not fail to bring to my recollection the prayer I had so culpably forgotten, now completely granted, and I began to be reconciled to the ship Providence had assigned me; but that God, who abounds in goodness, and delights in mercy, never confers his favors by halves. A few days had hardly elapsed, when an order came from the Admiralty, to send the Resolution up to Chatham, and one of the ships there to take her place. This was such welcome news

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\* Lieutenant Tomlinson was a pious, sensible, and well informed man, then well known in the Christian world. He was long a commander in the navy, and would have been high among the admirals, had he not disobliterated the Admiralty of that time, by publishing a plan for manning the navy without pressing, which that board would not countenance. I enjoyed his friendship for many years.

to all on board, that lest the order should be countermanded, we obeyed it the same day, for the wind and tide favoring, we weighed, and came to an anchor off the Dockyard before two o'clock. Thus my prayer, at first apparently rejected, was now completely answered, but it was in the Lord's way. Had mine been attended to, and I had drawn the ship that afterward went down the river, I should have been miserable. So true it is, we "know not what to pray for as we ought."—*Life of Maj. Gen. Burns.\**

### VALPARAISO CHAPLAINCY.

#### *Extracts from the Chaplains monthly report.*

I have been graciously sustained in my labors among the Seamen another month; and I now sit down to forward to you a brief outline of what I have been doing.

July 31. Sabbath. Went on board of the ship Eleanor Dixon, and preached at 11 A. M. to about 27 persons. The blessing of God appeared to be with his word. Some shed tears during service. My earnest prayer is, "O Lord convert sinners."

Aug. 3. Went afloat in the bay, with books and tracts.—Visited eight vessels and supplied them with tracts. In the afternoon called on Mr. Jones who is sick with consumption and will soon die. He says he is entirely resigned to the will of God: and enjoys a deep abiding peace; read a portion of the word of God and prayed with him. Then went to the prison and distributed tracts; thence to the American hospital. Here are several patients who have lately arrived. They look bad and have evidently had bad usage both for soul and body. I left some tracts and papers, and called at the English hospital and did likewise.

Aug. 4. Attended the funeral of Emily Spencer, infant daughter of Rev. George Spencer and wife, missionaries lately arrived from Tahiti.

They were compelled to leave there an account of the interference of the French in the affairs of that island.

Aug. 5. Attended the funeral of Mr. Jones, in company with Mr. Trumbull. He has been lingering some weeks and during that time, under the instruction of Mr. Trumbull, has professed to have experienced a change of heart, and the pardon of his sins; and we trust has become really a child of God.

Aug. 7. Sabbath. I went on board of the bark Warratah and preached to about 20 persons, who were serious and attentive. In the evening preached to about 60 persons in Mr. Trumbull's chapel. The people were very serious, and when they retired from worship, I did not hear a loud word spoken.

Aug. 10. Visited the American hospital and distributed tracts and religious papers. One of the patients, Mr. James T. Fogg, has been here about six months. He was not very sick when he came here, but lately he appears to be going into a consumption. I conversed with him freely on the subject of religion. He said he had been skeptical owing to bad treatment that he had received from the master of a vessel some years ago, who was a professor of religion. But since that time he had seen his sister die happy and felt convinced that there is truth in the bible. He appeared very serious when I conversed with him but made no promises of repentance. Went to the English hospital and gave away tracts; thence to the prison and distributed tracts there. There has been an increase of English prisoners here since my last visit. The keeper of the prison must always have his tract with the others and the Chilian prisoners are very anxious to get what I have to give them.

Aug. 11. and 12. Visited a number of vessels and gave tracts to the seamen; among them the Walter, from Hamburg, where I sold a number of German books and gave them a package of German tracts. They were very thankful and desired me to bring more books.

Aug. 13. Visited the hospital and took the names of the following per-

\* Major-General Burns was a Scotch Presbyterian.



sons with a short account of each. Thos. Jefferson Snell of Fall River, Mass. He left home the last of April, 1852. Was sick four months in Payta, Peru. Sailed from the United States in the ship Congress, of New Bedford, Capt. Hathaway. Came to the American Hospital in Valparaiso Aug. 6, 1853. He says he is destitute of religion, and of a knowledge of the Scriptures, except what his mother taught him. He thinks the Bible is true but knows little about it. The above is the account he gave of himself. His age is twenty-six years. Anthony J. Hale, is from Newburyport, Mass.—Left home June 12, 1852. Sailed from Bangor, Maine, 15th Sept. following, in the ship Alkmaar, Capt. John Simpson. Has been on the Pacific coast eight months. Came to this hospital the 8th day of last April, aged 40 years. Has a brother by the name of Jacob Hale, in the same town. James T. Fogg is from Portland, Maine. Left home July 1st, 1852, in the Liberia Packet, Capt. White. Has been on the Pacific coast about eight months, and in the hospital about six months. Has a mother at Portland, Maine, named Harriet Hubbard. He is serious, and thinks much of obtaining the forgiveness of his sins. I tried to deal very plainly with him. Assured him that he must repent and do it now, or perish; that there is no help or hope for him only in the renunciation of all sin, and entire submission to God. He said that he intended to live a religious life when he returned home. I told him that course only grieved the Holy Spirit, and made sure his own destruction, that it was not honest with God or with his own soul, and that instant repentance was his only chance of escape from hell, and afforded him the only hope of salvation. He said very little but wept, I left "James' Anxious Enquirer," which he promised to read. The day following I visited him, and when I entered his room his countenance was altered and cheered with a pleasant smile. He said during the night he had engaged in prayer and was able to give himself up to the Lord, and

felt peace in his mind. I told him if he had confidence in God, to hold on to it and look for its increase. I have some fears however, that he is not converted.

Aug. 16. Went on the bay in the forenoon. Among other vessels I visited was the American clipper Rattler, lately from California. The chief officer told me, that on leaving the United States, the American Bible Society had supplied the vessel with bibles, but the sailors on leaving the ship sold the bibles, and now the ship is without them. Left them a small supply of tracts and pamphlets, and a few newspapers of a religious character. I was well pleased with the courtesy and kindness of the chief officer. Sold one bible to the steward. I then went on board the clipper ship Mischief, of the United States, and was very kindly received by the chief officer. Supplied them with magazines and papers as above, and left them apparently well pleased with my, to me, interesting visit.

Aug. 17. Went on board the ship General Blanco, and gave them a supply of tracts. Mrs. Ross, the Captain's wife, bought several books, and said that she was fond of reading religious books, but was not a church-going or a religious person. She has three very interesting little boys, and I obtained a promise from her that she would send them to Sabbath School as soon as she moved on shore, which will be soon. I visited several other vessels and gave away German, Danish, Spanish and English tracts.

Aug. 18. Rev. George Spencer and myself went to the Prison and gave the prisoners a few tracts. I can give them only a limited quantity, for my tracts are nearly all gone.—Some of the prisoners look very bad and in feeble health. At the American hospital we left a small supply of reading matter for the patients who are able to read. Mr. Fogg is slightly better. He says he tries to pray frequently, and keeps his thoughts on religious subjects. He thinks he would prefer to die here and not see his friends, than live and go home and again openly violate the law of God.

Aug. 20. To-day I again visited Mr. Fogg, found him cheerful and willing to converse. He says he is happy all the time,—feels anxious to get well, and attend church. He is gratified with James' Anxious Enquirer, and spends considerable of his time reading it. He says he feels quite resigned to the will of God, either to live or die. He expressed a desire to get the tract, Dairyman's Daughter, and I took it to him to-day.

Aug. 21. Rev. Geo. Spencer and myself went on board of the "Waratah," and he preached to a congregation of eight persons. They were serious and I believe good was done. May the blessing of the holy Spirit attend these labors among seamen.

Aug. 22. Went on the bay, and visited some vessels from Hamburg and supplied them with tracts in German and Spanish. Some of the Chilians would not receive them. I sold very few books for the seamen have no money. They obtain money, and on shore spend it foolishly, and then complain that they have none to purchase books; and this makes me very careful about giving books away. I left one Spanish bible on the Waratah for the use of the Chilian passengers, but the chief officer agreed to lend it to them lest they might destroy it. The Germans are generally steady, sober, well-disposed men, but rest in morality, and in the outward services of religion. They appear to have no clear idea of an inward change of character, and of course are in the dark on the subject of vital piety. And if the truth of God and the Holy Spirit, does not awaken them, and open their eyes, they will forever remain in that darkness. This evening I visited Mr. Fogg at the American Hospital, and had a lengthy conversation with him, and with Mr. Armstrong. Mr. Fogg stated that he is far happier now in his afflictions, than he ever was in the ball-room, in the midst of mirth.

Aug. 23. Went afloat in the morning and gave Magazines and papers to several vessels. On the ship Fortunata, I gave German tracts, and had conversation with one of the officers. he gave me to understand in German

and broken English that his heart loved the good books I gave him. I trust this visit was productive of good to others, for it was to my own soul.

Aug. 26. In the morning I visited Mr. Lindsay, one of the deacons of Mr. T.'s Church, and found him very ill. I read the scriptures and prayed with him. At the close of my interview, I said something to him about his children, three in number, who are scattered up and down this coast and in England, and he began to weep, and then, to sob aloud, and I was obliged to leave him in this condition. Went to the Prison with tracts and papers and magazines.—The Chilians are almost unmanageable, and if I do not give them as many tracts as they want, they try to take them from me by force. Here I gave German, French, English and Spanish tracts, and one French testament. One Frenchman to whom I gave tracts, thanked me over and over again for them. Went to the hospital and conversed with Mr. Fogg, who still professes to retain his integrity. Conversed with a Mr. Hale who professes to be anxious on the subject of his salvation. Let him have Baxter's Call to the Unconverted. He said he would read it through. Saw another man who is sick with rheumatic fever. He says he has been a great sinner and desires pardon. I have conversed with him several times and prayed with him, but he is so stupid under the influence of sin and long continued transgression, that the terrible thunders of the law will not awaken him. He exhibits no life or power beyond the feeble desire to be saved, and he appears to be perishing because of his feeble faint-hearted state of mind. O! how dreadful! how heartrending to see a man who has thus spent his life in sin, on the very brink of destruction, and yet no heart to help himself, and thus perish in sight of life! I have tried to deal faithfully with him, but fear the result.

A brief account of Geo. N. Armstrong. He entered the hospital June 16, 1853. He is a son of Ferdinand and Mary Armstrong, of Hampden, Me., aged 26 years. Yours &c.,

D. H. WHEELER.



# NAVAL JOURNAL.

## LIGHTNING AT SEA.

### No. 2.

The following additional vessels have been destroyed by lightning at sea :

The bark *Bayfield*, with a cargo of gunpowder and spirits, bound from Liverpool to Bonny River, was struck by lightning and set on fire on the 25th of Nov. 1845, when off the west coast of Africa. The mate, and the whole crew on deck were knocked down. They endeavored in vain to extinguish the flames, and as it was on fire directly over the magazine, they were compelled to take to the boats. They were unable to save any water or provisions, and in this pitiful condition steered for Sierra Leone, then distant three hundred miles, which port they reached after being nine nights and eight days in open boats, without water or other necessaries, and having lost three of their men by starvation.

The packet ship, *Thomas P. Cope*, of Philadelphia, was struck by lightning and set on fire, on Sunday, the 29th of November, 1846, at six and a half P. M., at which time most of the passengers had retired to rest. A scene of terrible confusion at once commenced. The passengers rushed on deck on discovering the ship was on fire below, and one poor woman, Mrs. McNiel, while saving an infant child, left below a little girl of 5 years who was suffocated by the smoke.—The mother's agony was heart-rend-

ing in the extreme. Still the gale blew with unabated fury, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the sleet, snow, and hail descended with bitter violence. The hatches were calked down that the flames might if possible be smothered.—Every precaution was used to keep the flames under but in vain; but the means adopted proved successful in preserving life. The decks were constantly kept wet, and occasionally holes were bored in them to turn water down. For the first night, men, women and children were exposed to a violent storm of snow and sleet, and it would be difficult to imagine a more distressing sight than poor Mrs. L. with her infant and other children thus exposed. As soon as circumstances would permit, the women and children were got into the fore-castle, though it was impossible to remain in such a situation long at a time. The crew and male passengers were of course obliged to keep the decks day and night, and it is said that Capt. Miercken, whose conduct was admirable throughout, never quitted the deck. In this situation the ship remained until the next Saturday afternoon, the decks growing hotter, thus giving evidence of the increasing fire and threatening all with a horrible death. Several sail were seen during the time, but at a great distance. On Saturday, December 5th, just as hope was giving away to despair, they providentially fell in with the British barque *Emigrant*, Captain

Taber, bound to St. John, N. B. Although short of water and provisions, Capt. Taber could not hesitate in regard to his duty. He commenced transferring them on board on Saturday evening, and when his work was half done, darkness and a gale set in. The feelings of Capt. Miercken and those who remained on board, may not be described. The fear that the flames would burst out upon them at any instant, and that the gale might separate the vessels, must have constantly preyed upon their minds, but the dawn of morning showed their succor near at hand, and they soon joined their companions. As they left, the hatches were taken off, and the noble ship was soon wrapped in flames. The conduct of Capt. Taber is spoken of in the highest terms. He, with his crew, cheerfully went upon the same allowance of a half pint of water each, which was all that could be afforded to his numerous guests. A few days afterwards, the *Washington Irving*, a Boston Packet, Capt. Caldwell, homeward bound, hove in sight. Capt. C. cheerfully took them all on board, and supplied the emigrants with provision and water. The unremitting kindness of Capt. Caldwell will never be forgotten. They were just such as as every one who knows that gentleman would have expected of him, and one can scarcely conceive of a purer satisfaction than he must enjoy in being the instrument of Providence in feeding the hungry and caring for the destitute. The *Washington Irving* arrived safe at Boston with the sufferers, consisting of Capt. Miercken, George Dodd, Isaac Walton, Mrs. Mary Loughridge, four children and servant, officers and crew, and fifty steerage passengers, from the packet ship *Thomas P. Cope*. Within a few months we have seen the death of Captain Miercken announced in the newspapers, with a remark that his suffering on board the *Thomas P. Cope*, when that vessel was struck by lightning, had hastened his exit.

She ship *Christophe Colomb* sailed from New Orleans on the 7th February, 1847, with a cargo of cotton and corn bound to Havana.—

There were many invalid passengers on board. On the 11th February the ship was struck by lightning, and in three days after was wrecked in sight of land, at three o'clock in the morning. The passengers and crew expected every moment that she would go to pieces. At daylight three of the passengers were conveyed thro' the breakers to the shore, and there experienced much suffering from efforts to find habitations. From this they were taken back on the succeeding day by a boat, and conveyed to a schooner which had come to the relief of the ship. While awaiting the departure of the latter for Havana, in the middle of the night, the cry of fire was heard, and all who were able to, directed their attention to the ship a few miles distant; it was enveloped in flames and with its whole cargo consumed. The lightning which it was supposed had spent its fury on the mast, had gone into the hold, and when the ship began to open, the air fanned the slumbering elements, so that the cotton and whole cargo was one sheet of flame, leaving not a vestige of the ship to mark the spot where she struck. The excitement attendant upon the varied efforts to escape from the wreck in the first place, and in pursuing the journey to Havana in a small and crowded schooner were too much for the ladies who were passengers, and they had to remain at the small sea port of El Mariel, about thirty miles from Havana, with a view if possible to gain strength to proceed. It was the will of Providence that Mrs. Julia Ann Haven should be the first taken from the midst of her fellow sufferers. After lingering about two weeks she expired in the arms of her husband without a murmur or a struggle—none of those who were around her knowing at what moment her soul took its flight to the arms of her Saviour, in whom she believed and on whom she depended. Mrs. Haven was the wife of Charles H. Haven, of New York, and only daughter of Daniel Thatcher, of Bridgeport, Ct.

The ship *Robert G. Shaw*, of Boston, with a cargo of cotton bound from Charleston, S. C., to Havre, was



struck by lightning on the 6th of December, 1847, and burnt to the water's edge. The officers and crew took to the long boat and arrived at Brest on the 10th.

The *Rebecca C. Fisher*, from Apalachicola, Florida, bound to New York with a cargo of cotton, was struck by lightning and set on fire at 5 A. M., of April 18th, 1848. The British brig *Margaret*, Capt. Montgomery, at 11 o'clock of the same morning, fell in with the burning vessel, and at 4 P. M. of that day took on board the officers and crew, eight in number. They passed the wreck the next morning, burnt to the water's edge.

The brig *Lincoln* of Boston, left that port on the 29th January, 1850, for California; on the 4th of March, at 11.30 P. M., in lat. 40 deg. N., lon. 45 deg. W., during a heavy shower of rain, and without any menacing appearance of lightning, was struck by an electric discharge which shivered the mainmast and forced its way into the hold; on opening the scuttle, volumes of smoke were emitted, and finding it impossible to extinguish the fire, they endeavored to stifle it by closing every aperture. In this state they remained for more than four days with the fire burning in the hold, when they were relieved from their perilous situation by the German ship *Maria Christina*, of Altona, Vass, master, which providentially came to their rescue. Previous to leaving the illfated brig the hatches were opened, when the flames burst forth, and in thirty minutes afterwards the mainmast fell over the side. Capt. Averill, of the *Lincoln*, is anxious to bear testimony to the very kind treatment he and his crew received from the captain and crew of the *Maria Christina*, on board of which vessel he was for thirty days. There were thirteen persons in all on board the *Lincoln*, two of whom were passengers.

The clipper ship *Golden Light*, 1,140 tons register, left the port of Boston on the 12th of February, 1853, with a cargo valued at three hundred thousand dollars. On the night of the 22d of February, in lat. 22 23 N., long. 47 45 W., was struck by light-

ning and set on fire. All hands were driven to the boats, numbering, with the passengers, thirty-five persons.—The ship was shortly after enveloped in flames and burnt to the water's edge. The boats, five in number, were abundantly supplied with provisions and water. One of the boats was missing on the morning of the 24th, and another parted company on the fourth night after leaving the ship. After five days exposure, the remaining three boats were picked up by the British ship *Shand*, Captain Christie, from Calcutta, and arrived at Boston on the 20th March. The Captain and crew of the *Shand* treated the Captain and crew of the *Golden Light* in the most hospitable manner. One of the missing boats arrived at the Island Antigua in safety; the other boat, with eight persons on board, has not been heard from.

In my next, I shall mention several other cases, in which vessels and their cargoes have been destroyed by fire, the result of a stroke of lightning.

Your truly,  
E. MERRIAM.

### THE HORRORS OF SHIPWRECK.

Captain Young and the only known survivors, ten in number—of the illfated bark *Argyle*, from Bristol for Quebec, laden with iron, before reported as having foundered at sea, arrived at Quebec 5th inst. Their sufferings have been dreadful. It appears they were nine days in one of the ship's boats, drifting about on the ocean, and that six of these days were passed without food or water—during which time several of the men in the boat died of exhaustion and hunger. Of the survivors, two are females—one of whom is an old lady, turned, we should say of 50, who, to add to her sufferings, was doomed to see her son, a fine strong young man of 23 years old, die of hunger by her side. The other female is a young woman—and strange to say, both these females were exposed to the same privations that the men were, and yet they lived through them. There were twenty-five persons on board the *Argyle*, including three

passengers; viz. the young woman, the old lady and her son, all of whom took themselves to two of the ship's boats; one of which has not since been heard of, and it is feared that but nine of the twenty-five have been left to tell the sad tale.

### DISASTERS.

Br. schr. Thos. Pierson, from New Orleans to Balize, Hond, was lost 12th Aug.

Ship Massachusetts, of and for New York, from Newport, England, sprung a leak 26th Aug. in St. Georges Channel, and put back for Cardiff, but sunk 27th in four fathoms water off Sable Island, near Cardiff.

Brig Lydia Farnham, from St. Jago for New York, went ashore night of Aug. 21st, on a reef near the Isle of Pines. Crew saved, and arrived at Havana. The vessel was sold for \$351.

Brig Argus, of and from Charleston for Trinidad, was wrecked on Cayo Blance 31st Aug. and would prove a total loss.

Barque Nova Scotian, of Yarmouth, N. S. which sailed from St. John, N. B., 6th Sept. for Greenock, is reported ashore on Mud Island, and is supposed a complete wreck.

Schr. Antelope, of Beverly, was lost at Cape Mabou, River St. Lawrence, 4th Sept. Her crew arrived at Newburyport 16th in schr. Mary Frances.

Schr. Cape Fear, from Boston for Portland, while lying at anchor near House Island, about 4 o'clock morning 15th Sept. was run into by fishing schr. J. E. Steele, of Harwich, and immediately sunk.

Br. barque Cario, Le Brun, was fallen in with 10th Sept. on the southern edge of the Gulf Stream, with loss of spars, and in a sinking condition, having been thrown on her beam end the day previous, in a violent hurricane. Crew taken off by schooner Waldron Holmes, at Provincetown, 14th.

Capt. Jewitt, of brig Industry, arrived at this port Thursday from

Jacksonville, reports: On the 8th Sept. fell in with the schr. Viola, Mathias, from Norfolk bound to Antigua, 7 days out, having on the 7th in a hurricane, lost her mast. Took off the crew and two passengers.

Schr. Susan M. Young, Matthews, from Philadelphia for Bath, was driven ashore one mile east of East Hampton Village, near Sag Harbor, L. I., 15th Sept. and became a complete wreck.

Schr. Marinah N., at Philadelphia, 18th Sept., from Hamilton, N. C., reports: 14th inst. having fell in with the ship Harkaway, of New York, which had been wrecked on Diamond Shoal, Cape Hatteras. The H. which was loaded with guano, and bound to Hampton Roads, had on board at the time, the crew of the bark Croton, Capt. Knowles, having picked them up Aug. 3d, in lat. 25° 50 S., lon. 26° W. Three days previously the Croton had been dismasted—her mate, Henry Stevenson, belonging to Salem, Mass., being killed by the fall of the masts; and when the Harkaway came to her relief, she was in a sinking condition. The last named ship was wrecked about 3 o'clock P.M., 14th Sept., and at sunset her own crew and that of the Croton, were rescued by the Marinah N., and taken to Philadelphia.

Schr. Falcon, Dyer, at this port, from Hillsboro', reports: 15th Sept., 25 miles N. N. W. from Cape Cod, fell in with a boat containing Capt. Doane and crew of the schr. J. H. Small, of Harwich, which had been hove on her beam ends, filled and sunk.

Schr. Z. H. Small, Doane, from New York for Boston, was capsized in Boston Bay, and sunk in the S. E. blow of 15th Sept.

A schr. with a cargo of ship timber, went ashore off Easthampton morning of 15th Sept., during the S. E. blow, and became a total loss.

Ship Joseph Holmes, at this port, from Bremen, reports: Sept. 17th, spoke ship Corsica, of Boston, Melcher, from St. Johns, N. B. for Bristol, Eng. Took from her Capt. Rogers, and crew of the Br. brig Conqueror,



of and from Yarmouth, N. S., bound to Antigua. The Conqueror, on the 8th Sept., experienced a hurricane, which carried away fore and main mast, and hove the vessel on her beam ends, when she filled with water. Also took from her two seamen of the Norwegian brig Haabet, of Arendale, Capt. Bentrose, hence for Norway, 23 days out, with a cargo of naval stores. She had been dismasted in the hurriance of the 8th Sept., and was left in a sinking condition. The captain and remainder of the crew remained on board of the Corsica.

Brig Tornado, M'Carty, at Bermuda 12th Sept., from Baltimore, reports: 8th Sept., picked up on the hatch of a vessel, a seaman named Wm. Bradley, who reported that he was the only survivor of the crew of the American brig Albermarle, Curry, which vessel was capsized on the previous night, at 12 o'clock. The Albermarle left Norfolk on the 4th with a cargo of staves, loaded by Messrs. Dickinson, bound to the West Indies. The crew consisted of two mates, a cook and five seamen, all of whom were drowned with the exception of Bradley.

Schr. Orange, Smith, of and from Windsor, N. S. for Boston, with plaster, went ashore on Long Island, Penobscot Bay, eve of 6th Sept., in a severe gale and thick weather; a total loss.

Brig Daniel Weld, from Windsor, N. S., for a port in the United States, in attempting to enter the harbor of St. John, N. B., in the gale night of 24th Sept., struck on the Foul Ground, and sank near the Beacon. The crew had barely time to take to their boat before she went down, saving nothing but what they had on.

Fishing schr. Vesper of Dennis, sprung a leak night of 22d Sept., about ten miles S. of Cape Elizabeth, and went down in about an hour.

Ship Asia, of Boston, Robinson, from Mobile for Cork, and a port in France, went ashore in Mobile Bay, about 2d Sept., and is expected to be lost.

Sloop Cabinet, from New York for

New London, was wrecked 24th Sept. at Millers Place, Long Island.

Schr. Gipsy, Miller, of and from New York or Corpus Christi, got ashore at Star Key 2d Sept., and bilged.

Schr. Virginia, from Alexandria for Fall River, went ashore about 3 o'clock on Monday morning on the rocks on S. W. part of Point Judith, near the light house, and is reported to have bilged and will be lost.

Br. schr. Orange, Smith, from Windsor for Newport, R. I., with plaster, got ashore on Mt. Desert, L. I., 6th Sept., in a thick fog, and will be a total loss.

The large schr. before reported sunk on the North side of Delaware Breakwater, is the Rainbow, from Philadelphia for an Eastern port.

Schr. Emily B. Souder, Stowell, of Newport, from Norfolk for Hingham, struck a rock on Sunday last near Seaconnet, and while attempting to run her ashore at the mouth of that river, filled and sunk in thirty feet of water.

Schr. James Ward, at Philadelphia, from Rum Key, had on board the crew of schr. Gipsy, of and from New York, which got ashore at Star Key, Sept. 2d; vessel bilged.

Capt. Bird, of steam tug Achilles, reports having been run into, night of the 4th Oct. off Pollock Rip Light Boat, while towing the Dutch schr. Adriapus & Willem from Boston to this city, by the barque Homer, from Philadelphia with a cargo of coal, bound to Salem. The captain and crew abandoned the barque, and were taken on board the steam tug.

## NOTICE TO MARINERS.

**LIGHT AT THE ENTRANCE OF MANILA BAY, PHILIPINE ISLANDS.**—Official information has been received at this Office through the Department of State, of the establishment on the 1st day of February last of two lights in the entrance of Manila Bay.

The first is a Revolving Light, eclipsed every minute, in  $14^{\circ} 23' 5''$  N., and  $120^{\circ} 33' 56''$  East of Greenwich;

it stands on the summit of Corregidor Island, at an elevation of 648 feet above the level of the sea, and the Spanish account adds, that it is visible at the distance of 40 miles.

It bears from the Monja Rock North 86° East.

The second is a Fixed Light, and placed on the small steep Island of Caballo, at an elevation of 417 feet above the sea, about two miles to the eastward of Corregidor. This light can be seen but 9 miles, and only when it bears to the northward of East or West; so that a vessel having entered the Bay, will lose sight of it as soon as she has passed Caballo Island, and will have to rely on the great Light of Corregidor to guide her to the anchorage off Manila.

Fraile Island is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Caballo, the Light on which is useful in dark nights to ships passing between them; but none of these Islands should be approached within half a mile as the current is strong. By order,

THORNTON A. JENKINS,  
Secretary.

Treasury Department Office, Light-house Board, August 26, 1853.

The official notice of the Light-house on the Sisargis Islands, Bay of Biscay, contained an error stating that it consisted of a fixed red light, when it ought to be a fixed pale (literally white) light, varied by red scintillations emitted every four minutes.

One of Jones's Fog Bells has been placed on Petit Menan Island, Maine. It should strike every twenty seconds.

#### NEW LIGHT IN THE CATTEGAT.

—Official notice is given that during the month of September, of the present year, a Light-ship will be placed on the Copperground (Kobbergrund,) in the Cattegat, in lat.  $57^{\circ} 68\frac{1}{2}'$  N. and lon.  $11^{\circ} 20\frac{1}{2}'$  E. of Greenwich.

This vessel which has two masts, schooner rigged, and whose sides will be painted red with a white cross, will be moored S E. and S, three or four cables length from the so-called Nyvager (new vane buoy.) The vessel will show three lights.

Further notice will be given as soon as the lights are burning.

#### MEDITERRANEAN SEA COAST OF AFRICA.—Lighthouse of Alhucemas.

—From the 1st of August last there has been lighted every night, from the setting to the rising of the sun, on the watchtower in the squars of Alhucemas, the most elevated point of the fortress, a signal lantern whose light is fixed—the same being formed of two lamps with large wick, and reflected by a metallic glass.

Its height upon the level of the sea is 135 feet of Burgos, its reflection extending nearly nine miles.

#### MISSING VESSEL.

The Salem Register states brig Joshua Brown, George H. Williams master, sailed thence October 5, 1852, for West Coast of Africa, since which nothing has been heard of her.

#### A MEAN HABIT.

There are but few habits more prevalent, though there are few meaner, than that of speaking slightlying of ourselves with the design of making those we address talk in our praise. Weak and vain persons are often guilty in this respect. They fall that you may lift them up. They fish for food to their pride with the habit of humilitv.

#### From the Sandwich Islands.

News up to Dec. 15. The agricultural convention voted to raise a stock company with \$50,000, to establish a plantation for cultivating sugar and oranges. The *Polynesian* publishes a list of 200 whale ships that have touched at Honolulu, 102 at Labaina, and 38 at Hilo; a total of 339, valued at \$11,000,000, with cargoes valued at 81 millions; the seamen were 10,000, besides the masters and officers.

A modern writer has discovered that the human hair is a vegetable. He does not say how it should be cooked.



New York, November, 1853.

"WHAT IS TO BE DONE?"

*Will Ship-owners and Merchants  
Answer?*

BY A SHIPMASTER.

GENTLEMEN, of the *Seamen's Friend Society, New York*:—I respectfully beg leave to address you, upon a subject which undoubtedly will occupy your serious attention—viz, the welfare of those young men who are about to embark upon a sailor's profession. My object is not to touch upon the degraded and demoralized life of the sailor, who is corrupted more from the peculiar circumstances by which he is surrounded, when ashore, and in some instances, is made reckless by unjust, tyrannical treatment on shipboard, than by other causes; but my intention is to point out a new game—one at least somewhat modified for the worse. This game is carried on by fiends in human shape, who outrage humanity. They do not only plunder and debase the simple ones they ensnare, but they practise a system of the most bare-faced imposition, I may say robbery, upon owners of vessels.

What is to be done? Will merchants exert themselves in a matter which so closely effects their own interests? I am afraid not. I do not pretend to say but that there are many

good men, merchants, who would devote their spare time, and a part of their means to effect a reform. Without united action, however, by those who ought to feel the most interested, all efforts by a few individuals must prove abortive.

The ship which I command is rising of 1000 tons burthen and carries a crew of 24 men, exclusive of officers.

VOYAGE NO. 1.

William Wilcox, aged 25, born in the State of New York, and is by profession a farmer. On being closely questioned, he stated that he saw an advertisement in the papers signed by a man named H——, for nice young men from 18 to 24 years of age to go to sea. That he called upon said H——, in Water Street, by whom he was shipped. He was supplied by the said H—— with about \$6 worth of clothing. Knew nothing of the remaining part of the advance money. Wilcox never was at sea before, but is shipped as an able seaman, and the ship is charged \$20 advanced to him.

John Dillon, Oneida Co., N. Y., aged 18, never was at sea before, is useless as a sailor. Came to the city in company with Wilcox, and was shipped by said H—— as an able seaman. Received from that man \$6

worth of clothing, knows nothing about the remainder of the advance money. The ship is charged for this lad \$20 advance.

John E. Byner, city of New York, aged 18, never was at sea before, is not only useless, but perfectly helpless. He says he was shipped by the said H—— as an able seaman, and from whom he received about \$6 worth of clothing, knows nothing of the remainder of the advance.— The ship is charged for this boy \$20 advance money.

James McKinre, aged 17, born in England, is no sailor, next to useless. Ship charged \$15. Little or no clothing.

Samuel Clark, aged 18, born in England, says he was shipped, as he was told, for \$12 per month. Received out of his advance \$4 in clothing, had been boarding at one house two weeks. Is on the articles as an able seaman, and the ship is charged \$20 advance money, is of no account as a seaman.

Arcaden Villecruz, 15 years old, Manilla, speaks no English, is not a sailor, and destitute of clothing. Ship charged \$20 advance.

Two more Manilla men and three Kanaka's from Waahoo, are not sailors, destitute of clothing. All shipped for able seamen, and the ship charged \$20 advance for each one. They are perfectly useless.

Lawrence Freeman, aged 18, born in Ireland, has been one passage from Europe, is useless as a seaman, is destitute of clothing, ship charged \$20 advance.

Samuel Brazen, aged 21, Ireland, has been in a sloop, is quite useless and destitute of clothing, ship charged \$20 advance.

The above 13 individuals are part of the crew of 22 souls.

# VOYAGE NO. 2.

Jacob Patre, aged 19, Dutch, speaks no English, states through his interpreter, Rev. Mr. McCormick, that he was shipped by a man named L——, was told by said L. that the officers of the ship were Dutch, and that he would receive wages at a future time. Received from said L. three meals, one shirt, one belt and knife, and a tin pot, received no advance money, shipped as an able seaman, though never at sea before, except the passage across from Germany. Ship charged \$20 advance. Is useless.

Thomas McClane, aged 18, Philadelphia, has been three years in steamboats, boarded with a Mr. P. three weeks, received only one pair of boots, shipped, as an able seaman, is entirely useless. He says the said P. received his advance money. Ship charged \$20 advance.

Thomas May, aged 17, Scotland. Is not on the articles by that name, was shipped by a man named M. who told him he was shipped as third cook. States that he received no money nor any articles of clothing. Ship charged \$20 advance. Is useless.

John Morris, Milford, Wales, is no seaman, though on the articles as an able seaman, boarded two days with a man named M., was told by said M. he would get his wages at Liverpool, received no advance money or clothing, ship charged \$20 advance.

Patrick Nisbill, aged 20, Ireland, is not on the articles by that name.— Boarded three days at 177 Mott St., met some person in the street, who shipped him without delay. Received from said man one belt and knife, one shirt, one lb. tobacco, one tin plate and pot, one straw bed and a rug. Received no money. Ship charged \$20 advance. Is no sailor. Useless.



John Barrett, aged 16, New York. Boarded six weeks at 240 Cherry st. Says that he invariably paid his board in advance. Was shipped by a man named L., from whom he received two shirts, two pair trowsers, one straw bed, and one rug. Received no money. Never was at sea before. Is useless. On the articles as an able seaman. Ship charged \$20 advance.

One lad fell overboard, in the East River, off the jib-boom, and was drowned. Stated when he came on board that he was told the ship was bound for California. Received no advance money, said he had been working on a railroad. Ship charged \$20 advance.

One young man about 22, who was not a sailor, had been working on a railroad, was told the ship was bound for California. He died suddenly when going down the lower bay, of delirium tremens. He was afflicted with a most loathsome disease. Ship charged \$20 advance.

Comment is unnecessary.

*At Sea, July, 1853,* F.

### A Sensible and Acceptable Letter.

*From a Merchant Shipowner in New York, to the Treasurer of the American Seamen's Friend Society.*

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose my check on Union Bank to your order for One Hundred and Ninety Dollars, for the purpose of constituting as Life Director of the Am. Sea. Friend Society, Captain ———, and as Life Members Captain ———," here follow the names of seven Captains, "who are all engaged in my employment, and have been for several years as Officers and Masters of my vessels. If agreeable, please appropriate this donation towards the support of your Chaplain at ———."

I am very truly yours."

NOTE. We have designated the

above as *sensible* for a three-fold reason; first, as a mark of respect and interest for the Masters in his employ; secondly, as a means of calling their attention to the improvement of the men they command, and their class generally; and thirdly, as generously aiding in a work of acknowledged importance at home and abroad. We publish the letter with the hope that it may be as *suggestive* to other ship-owners as it is *sensible*, and prompt them to go and do likewise. Eds.

### BURNING FLUID VERSUS INTOXICATING FLUID.

Mr. E. Merriam has made up from the files of the Journal of Commerce, New York, for one year, commencing with Sept. 1, 1852, and ending with Aug. 31, 1853, a *Statement* of deaths and injuries caused by the use of various Burning Fluids. Says Mr. M.:

"This record presents the account of the death of nineteen persons, and twenty-three fatally or severely injured, and of three slightly injured, and of four fires,—all resulting from the use of camphene, or burning fluid, spirit gas, rosin oil, or some of the kindred preparations sold for the purpose of illumination. We have not looked through the files of our other papers, but the statement here presented from the files of one journal, is enough to awaken inquiry as to the propriety of some legal enactment to prevent such waste of life and such extent of suffering.

We will endeavor to collect together, all the records within our reach bearing on this matter, and present them to the next Legislature for the consideration of that body."

Now suppose Mr. Merriam were to submit also a *statement* of deaths and injuries, caused by the use of intoxicating fluids, within the same time, and within the same limits; instead of 19 persons killed, would he not find 1900;—instead of 23 fatally or

severely injured, would he not find 2300;—instead of 3 slightly injured, would he not find 3000; and instead of 4 fires, would he not find 40 or 400!

And if the evils occasioned by Burning Fluid, are enough to awaken inquiry as to the propriety of some legal enactment for their prevention;—if such a record is worthy the consideration of the next Legislature, shall no inquiry be awakened, and no consideration had on the evils resulting from the use of Intoxicating Fluids? Call all the engines in the city to put out a blazing cake and beer shop, while a thousand palaces are burning down! Mr. Merriam, we presume, is on the right tack; and having duly called attention to a minor list of evils, he will in due time bring down an avalanche of statistics to arouse the popular mind to correct evils far sorer than those occasioned either by the yellow fever or the cholera, or all the burning fluids in existence.

### RIO DE JANEIRO CHAPLAINCY.

AUGUST, 19, 1853.

DEAR BRETHREN:—The Bethel flag still floats, and under its peaceful folds are gathered from Sabbath to Sabbath, the energetic Captain, who has braved the deep all over the world, the adventurer, hieing to the gold fields of Australia, or the rich diggings of California, and the American sailor, that sturdy denizen of the fore-castle, for whom no one cared some 30 years ago, but for whom now chapels are built, preachers are sent out, tracts and bibles are printed, and thousands of prayers go up to Him who "stilleth the noise of the waves and causeth the people to praise him." I have still to recall the goodness of God to us in this beautiful city of the tropics.

Since I last wrote you, I have preached every Sabbath upon the waters, with the exception of two in the month of April, when I was absent on a missionary and exploring tour, some two hundred miles in the interior of the great and fertile Empire of Brazil. My last dates to you were near the end of February. In that month I witnessed what I never wish to see again. I do not refer to the dreadful ravages of the yellow fever; I do not mean the sight of the body racked with pain, and the emaciated jaws gasping for breath, but to the scene of a fellow creature dying without God, and even rejecting Him who is full of mercy and tenderness towards us creatures of clay. I had observed in one of the ship-chandleries a tall young man upon whom the mark of consumption was as clear as the day. He went to a private hospital. I followed him and spoke to him of Christ, and told him of a poor woman whom I had just visited, and who was in deeper suffering than himself from consumption's ghastly touch, and had in addition to bodily ills the harrassments arising from most outrageous treatment on the part of those who should have been her protectors, yet in the midst of all this, she was borne up from this world to another, and all her pains were drowned in the ocean of God's love;—that boundless love manifested through Christ Jesus our Lord. I described to him how I had sat by the bedside of that poor Christian, whose death was as certain as the sun which shone upon us, and that I had been astonished at the power of Christ in her soul to make her forget her tortures, which were most excruciating. It was all owing to her faith which God had implanted in her heart, and she felt that she was soon to be with Jesus, and that one thought was to her transporting and



joyous. "Oh, what a faith!" he exclaimed, "how wonderful! I would give anything to have it." It can be yours, I replied, only you must feel your own unworthiness, and rely only upon Christ. I then addressed him directly on the subject of his soul's salvation and told him that soon he would be placed beneath the ground, and that he must immediately set about it and accept the mercies of God before it was too late. He had no Bible, had never thought of these things, though some of his relations were religious. He had one of Duma's novels in his hands, though he was shivering with his skeleton frame on the very brink of eternity. I told him I would send him a Bible, and gave him some very pointed tracts suited to his case. I prayed with him and left him. I called again. I found him stretched upon his bed, his eyes glassy, and almost fierce. No attendant was in the room, and, as the shades of evening were settling down, everything seemed most gloomy. Before I had time to say anything to him, he commenced in a hurried manner thus to address me: "Mr. Fletcher, I tell you before hand, that I do not wish you to say anything to me on the subject of religion. My convictions are too strong. I cannot stand it. I cannot reconcile these things. I know that your motives are pure, but say nothing. They are killing me here, and why don't so and so come to see me. You have been my friend, but I will pay them, (naming the persons) when I get well." I said to him, do not talk thus, you will soon be no more, and you ought at this hour to be at peace with God and man. Oh, seek Christ before it is too late; man can no longer help you, believe in him who alone can help you. He shook his head, and said it was no use, and was unwilling to allow me to say anything

more to him on the subject. But I told him that there were good Christians who were praying for him now, and even the poor woman whom he would so soon meet at the judgment seat of Christ. He begged me to desist. I found that it availed nothing to continue the conversation, but I told him as he would not allow me to hold out to him Christ, as he would not permit me to pray *with* him, he could not hinder me from praying *for* him. I kneeled, and lifted up my heart in prayer and pleaded for him who had rejected mercy. I left him with great sadness. He rejected God. Twenty-four hours after he was found dead in his room with the most horrid expression upon his features, so dreadful, that those who saw him could not bear the sight. Some of my friends who saw him after my last interview, said that he was constantly swearing and breathing vengeance. Two weeks afterwards I stood by the death-bed of the poor woman referred to. It was a scene of joy and triumph. She sang with us "there is a land of pure delight," and "Jesus lover of my soul," with fervent gratitude, and said that soon she, like the returned prodigal, should be clothed with the robe of holiness and immortality. I was with her to within one half hour of her death, and so calm, so resigned, and so triumphant was her situation, that some Roman Catholics, who stood near her, wept, and told me that they had never seen anything like it. When near her end she said to me, "Sir, I suffer the most excruciating pains. I am in constant agony, but I would endure ten years of such suffering for this moment's glory!" Laying her hand across her emaciated form she murmured—

"And not a wave of trouble rolls  
Across my peaceful breast."

After this scene I can truly say,

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

I mentioned in my last the conversion of a son of Capt. H., in this harbor. He was brought hither to see if this warm climate would ameliorate his condition. He was evidently in a decline,—I might almost say, in next to the last stages of consumption. His mother and brother, (who was first mate of his father's vessel,) his sister and sister-in-law, accompanied him. Their whole attention seemed to be devoted to that son and brother. In my weekly rounds I had visited a number of times the Barque S. (Capt. H's vessel,) and thought I observed a disposition on the part of some to fear that I would talk to the young man about death. He was generally very silent, but I always improved the occasion to speak of the sick in the harbor, who had Christ for their all, and by what means they found him. These communications doubtless had their effect, for I was soon sent for by Capt. H. to converse with his son. It seemed that in addition to consumption the fever had attacked him, and there was danger of his being carried rapidly to the grave. I was soon upon the vessel and our conversation resulted in the young man learning his own unworthiness, and placing all his trust in Christ. God visited him and opened his heart. The next day I found him enjoying a sweet peace in Jesus, and whereas, he said, things all went wrong once, all was just right now, for it was as God wished it. I never saw a clearer case of conversion, and it rejoiced my heart to see him delighting in God's word and prayer. The effect of his change was also seen in every one of the family. But each one of that family (who came here for the sake of this young man) were taken down by the fever with the exception

of the father. Thus mysterious are the ways of Providence. The poor mother sank down, when she saw that her children were attacked with the awful pestilence. She lost her senses, but her hopes were in Christ. The eldest son lingered several days, and for three days before his death resigned himself to the will of God, and Christ became his all in all. It was most touching to see his sick, consumptive brother in the next cabin, so calm, and yet so sympathetic, engaged in constant prayer until God converted his elder brother. The latter, on the day before his death told me with his last words that all was happy, and that he was going to be with Jesus. The other members of the family were removed to the shore and their recovery was for a long time doubtful, but God finally raised them up. The mother and the son were buried the same day, together with Mr. Libby, of Portland, Me., (2d mate of the barque Rhone) whose death was triumphant and glorious. It was moving to tears to hear him sing with his failing voice, "I would not live away." I took the Seaman's Hymn Book and commenced to sing the hymn commencing "No more my God I boast no more," etc. He joined me and sang with his whole soul until the terrible vomiting took place. He fell asleep sweetly in Jesus. He dated his conversion from the harbor of Rio de Janerio. It was a solemn scene when their three coffins entwined with the American flag, were borne to the cemetery of Gamboa, followed by a large concourse of Captains and other Americans; and during my remarks and the service, there was scarcely a dry eye. That week was the saddest of all in Rio. More than one-eighth of the Americans in port died. God grant that the like may never again return. I was great-



ly assisted in my labors by Mr. Bartlett, of the late senior class of Yale, and by his brother, Captain Bartlett, of Portland, Me., who remained here some months, and whose kind attentions and constant presence at the Bethel service, were one of my greatest encouragements. May God bless him on the deep, and cause him to be directed by the Great Pilot. The consumptive son of Captain H., left this port (accompanied by young Mr. Bartlett, of Yale College,) in better health, but he cannot live long. He is, however, ready to go in peace, for Jesus is his portion. In the months of April and May there was much sickness, and another young man was by the Grace of God converted. Now there is comparative health and the cause is progressing. J. C. F.

P. S. My Bethel flag, which was carried off to California has returned and I had the privilege of preaching once more on the same ship in which it was passenger. The Captain had lost his only child in the passage, and his heart was tender, and he desired to know the Lord. I conferred with him most seriously and pointedly. I forgot to say that Capt. H., mentioned in my letter above, went away from this port fully resolved to live for God and to meet his wife and son in Heaven.—I am encouraged in visiting the hospital, to see how eagerly tracts are read, not only by Americans, but by seamen from the most bigoted Roman Catholic nations.

In the month of May, God afflicted us very severely in suddenly removing from us by the yellow fever Mrs. Charlotte Rudge, eldest daughter of Ex-Gov. Kent, late Consul to Rio. This blow so terrible and unexpected, has been most afflicting. She placed her trust in Jesus, but her loss is most deeply felt. The broken hearted

parents (who have always been fast friends of the Bethel cause here) are now on their way to the United States. May God give them that consolation which man cannot give. Our prayers and sympathies go with them.

J. C. FLETCHER, Chaplain.

DIED. Of Yellow Fever on board bark R. H. Gamble, from Mobile, on the 31st of August last, William H. Anderson, about 27 years of age, a native of Philadelphia. Further information may be obtained by inquiring of Mr. S. Brown, 80 Wall Street.

#### List of Members of Light House Board.

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 HON. JAMES GUTHRIE, *Sec'y. of the Treas. Ex Officio President.*  
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 SECRETARIES.  
 Lieut. THORNTON A. JENKINS, U. S. N.  
 Capt. ED. S. F. HARDCASTLE, U. S. Topl. Engineers.

#### NOTHING FORGOTTEN.

"It is a terrible thought," says Cooper, in his "Two Admirals," "at an hour like this, to remember that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read, that not an oath is uttered that does not continue to vibrate through all time, in the wide-spreading current of sound—not a prayer lisped that its record is not to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indellible seal of the Almighty's will."

### Account of Moneys.

(From Sept. 15th, to Oct. 15th, 1853.)

#### *Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.*

Rev. Clinton Clark, by First Con. Soc. Ridgefield, Ct.,	\$50 00
Capt. Asa A. Corning, by H. K. Corning, New York,	50 00
Rev. George Thacher, by Allen-St. Pres. Ch., (bal., amt. ack. below).	
Rev. G. S. F. Savage, St. Charles, Ill., do do.	

#### *Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.*

Mrs. Betsey Lovejoy, by Meth. Epis. Ch., Ridge- field Ct., (in part),	16 28
Capt. William H. Churchill, by H. K. Corning, N. Y.,	20 00
Capt. Thomas S. Loyd, do do.,	20 00
Capt. A. M. Shiverick, do do.,	20 00
Capt. Edward Pitts, do do.,	20 00
Capt. James Mackie, do do.,	20 00
Capt. T. S. Higgins, do do.,	20 00
Capt. Norman Penfield, do do.,	20 00
Mrs. Hannah Cocks, by James Cocks, New York, (am. ac. below).	
Mrs. Emma Adams, by her husband, do do.	
Samuel A. Hayt, Jr., by his father, Fishkill, N. Y., (am. ack. below).	
Rev. M. P. Case, Newbury Port, Mss., to furnish Beth- el Flag, for Rio de Janeiro, by Ladies' Bethel Soc'y,	20 00
William H. Wells, do. for shipwrecked sea., by do.,	20 00
Mrs. Susan B. Adams, do. for Sea. Cause at Wil- mington, N. C., by do.,	20 00
Rev. C. Cushing, North Brookfield, Mass., (amt. paid Boston S. Fr. Soc'y).	
Dana M. Morgan, Meriden, N. H., by a Friend in Northampton,	20 00

#### *Donations.*

From Capt. R. B. Chapman, Morristown, N. Y.,	4 00
" Broome St. Pres. Ch., New York,	152 00
" A Friend, New York,	100 00

From Congl. Ch. and Soc'y., Lee, Mass.,	77 45
" Refd. Dutch Ch. New Lots, N. Y.,	6 00
" A Friend in Hunting- ton, Ct.,	20 00
" Ref. Dutch Ch. Fish- kill, N. Y.,	57 03
" Con. So. West Wood- stock,	15 00
" Con. So. Bristol, R. I.,	10 00
" First Con. Soc. Jaffray, N. H.,	5 00
" A Friend,	50
" Meth. Epis. Ch., New- town, N. Y.,	2 52
" High St. Pres. Ch., Newark, N. J.,	30 00
" Judah Baldwin, Bethla- hem, Ct.,	8 00
" Mr. Stebbins, N. York,	1 00
" Con. Soc., Benson, Vt., (balance),	1 00
" Seventh Pres. Ch., N. York,	100 00
" First Con. Soc., St. Al- bans, Vt.,	30 61
" Con. Soc., Bristol Ct.,	56 63
" Meth. Epis. Ch., do.,	6 09
" A Lady of Fourth Pres. Ch., Washington, D. C.,	5 00
" Con. Soc., Saccarrappa, Me.,	14 34
" Seam's Concert, Hins- dale, N. H.,	3 00

\$1,061 45

#### *Legacies.*

Abram M. Bogart late of New York, by S. G. Bogert, Ex- ecutor,	50 00
<i>Moneys received into the Treasury of the Boston Sea. Fr. Soc'y.</i>	
Appleton St. Ch. Lowell, \$20 to constitute Rev. George Darling L. M.,	26 34
Sarah V. Hosmer, Lowell, to to constitute herself L. M.,	20 00
Milford, Rev. I. Woodbury's Soc'y,	24 25
B. Ticknor, U. S. N.,	25 00
Westford Lad's Char. Soc.,	12 55
S. W. Noyes, N. Bridgewater,	2 00
Thetford, Vt., Rev. Mr. Cla- ry's Soc'y,	19 00
First Con. Ch., Lowell,	19 72
High St. Ch., Lowell,	22 00